

YEAR ONE



BATMAN

SCARECROW



BRUCE JONES

SEAN MURPHY

WITH LEE LOUGHRIDGE



YEAR ONE

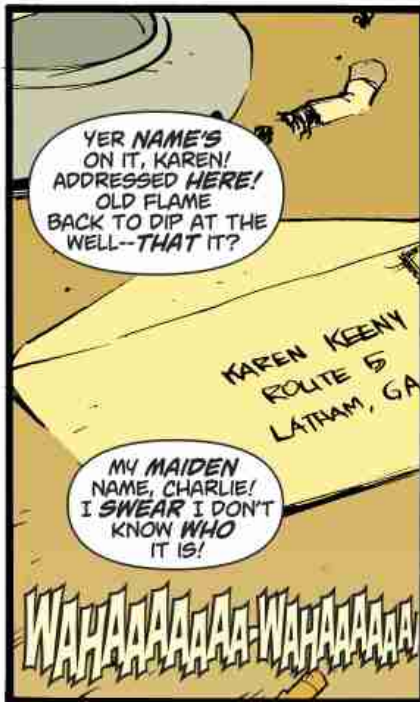
BATMAN SCARECROW

WRITER Bruce Jones
PENCILLER AND INKER Sean Murphy

LETTERER Nick Napolitano
COLORIST AND SEPARATOR Lee Loughridge

Batman CREATED BY Bob Kane

COVER PENCILLER AND INKER: Zach Howard
COVER COLOR Thompson Knox LOGO DESIGN: Terry Moore





BY MORNING
HE'LL FORGET ALL
ABOUT WHO SENT
MOMMY THAT OLD
ENVELOPE WITH
NOTHING IN--



--SIDE.



...THE AVIARY
BROOCH WE UNEARTHED
MATCHES THE ONE IN
THE MANSION
PORTRAIT. SO THE
SKULL IS DEFINITELY
MARY KEENEY.

BUT IT'S
MARION KEENEY'S
NAME ON THE MANSION
TITLE. DID DAUGHTER
BURY MOTHER IN AN
UNMARKED
GRAVE?

AND
WHY INSIDE
A DECAVING
VICTORIAN
AVIARY?

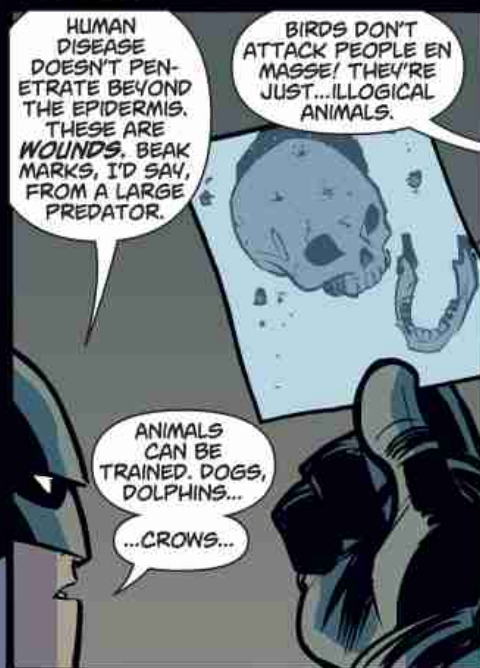
GREAT
GRANDMOTHER
KEENEY WAS
BURIED WHERE
SHE DIED.



LOOK
CLOSELY AT
THE SKULL--

--PITTED
AND SCORED,
ESPECIALLY
AROUND THE EYE
SOCKETS.

MEASLES?
CHICKEN POX
SCARS?



HUMAN
DISEASE
DOESN'T PEN-
ETRATE BEYOND
THE EPIDERMIS.
THESE ARE
WOUNDS. BEAK
MARKS, I'D SAY,
FROM A LARGE
PREDATOR.

BIRDS DON'T
ATTACK PEOPLE EN
MASSE! THEY'RE
JUST...ILLOGICAL
ANIMALS.

ANIMALS
CAN BE
TRAINED. DOGS,
DOLPHINS...

...CROWS...



IF THAT'S
YOUR LATEST
SQUEEZE,
YOU'RE
BUSY.



NO, WE ARE *NOT*
TOO BUSY AT THE
MOMENT.

BE THERE
ASAP, CAPTAIN
GORDON...







THANKS, KIDDO.

YOU'D HAVE SEEN THE BOOK.

MAYBE. HE OBVIOUSLY WANTED ME TO. SMART PUP.



WE'VE DROPPED SMART ONES.

NOT LIKE THIS. DOES HIS HOMEWORK. KNOWS THE CITY.

KNOWS US?



HE PULLED THE BOOK OUT FOR ME. HE'S GIVING ME HIS NAME.

"ICHABOD" KEENE? HE'S OVER-CONFIDENT.

NO. HE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT HE'S DOING.



WHICH IS, EXACTLY, WHAT?

HE WANTS TO MEET ME. LOOK ME IN THE EYE.

WATCH ME SQUIRM LIKE THE GOOD PROFESSOR...



...JUST BEFORE I DIE.



PROOF OF FAMILY OR FIRST GENERATION RELATIVE, PLEASE.

I'M NOT RELATED. THIS IS POLICE BUSINESS.

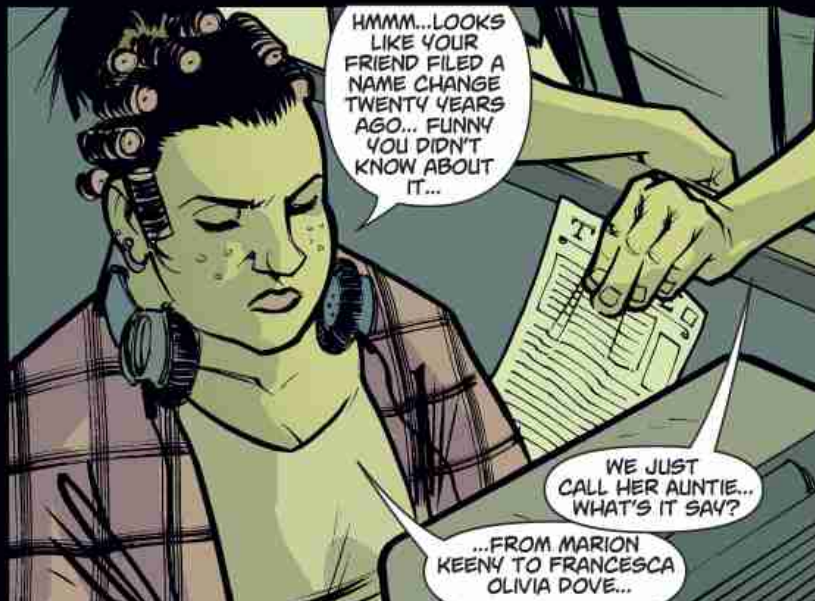
BADGE NUMBER AND PRECINCT, PLEASE.



NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT PROPER I.D.

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, SIR-- I'VE GOT A TRAY-FULL OF BACK FORMS AND AN EMPTY BOTTLE OF TYLENOL...







NOT NECESSARILY. OLIVIA KNOWS ME. AND "PLEASE BRING A FRIEND"?

MAYBE HE THINKS I'M ONLY A CLOSE ACQUAINTANCE OF BATMAN.

YEAH, WELL, HE'D BE RIGHT.



NOT SURE...NO RETURN ADDRESS. AND THE ENVELOPE'S EMPTY--

--WAIT... WHAT'S THIS?

WHAT IS IT, OLIVIA?











HOW--?

--WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?



WHEN ONE IS ADDRESSED AS "FATHER," IT USUALLY FOLLOWS THAT HE'S ONE'S SON, YES?

YOU'VE DONE VERY WELL FOR YOURSELF. NOT UNLIKE THE LATE PROFESSOR PIGEON.



WHOEVER YOU ARE, THIS CONSTRUCTION SITE IS FITTED WITH A SECURITY SYSTEM WIRED DIRECTLY TO THE POLICE.

YES, I'M SURE THAT AFFORDS GREAT COMFORT...



...WHEN IT'S ENGAGED!

--GOD IN HEAVEN!



YES,
HEAVEN,
FATHER...

...FROM WHICH
NO AMOUNT OF
PRAYING *EVER*
SUMMONS HIM.

AS A PROFESSOR
OF PSYCHOLOGY AT
A PRESTIGIOUS NEW
ENGLAND COLLEGE THAT
DIDN'T SUBSCRIBE TO
"ADVANCED" TEACHING
METHODS...

AS A SKINNY,
AWKWARD SCARECROW
ALONE IN THE ICY FIELDS
OF MODERN SOCIETY...
ENDURING THE ENDLESS
BACKWARD *GLANCES*,
THE FURTIVE
WHISPERS...

THE CRUEL
POINTING, GAWKING
STARES...THE BARELY
CONCEALED CLICKING
TONGUES...

..."GOD IN
HEAVEN...THANK
GOD IN HEAVEN I
DON'T LOOK LIKE
THAT!"



OH, DEAR...
WE'VE SPILLED
OUR DRINK.



MUSTN'T
HAVE THAT.



NOT AT SO
MOMENTOUS A
REUNION OF
FATHER AND
SON...



...AT A TIME
OF FAMILIAL
CELEBRATION.



DRINK
IT, FATHER.

DRINK
ALL OF IT.

AND SEE IF
YOUR PATHETIC
GOD BOTHERS TO
INTERVENE.

Glug
Glug

choke?





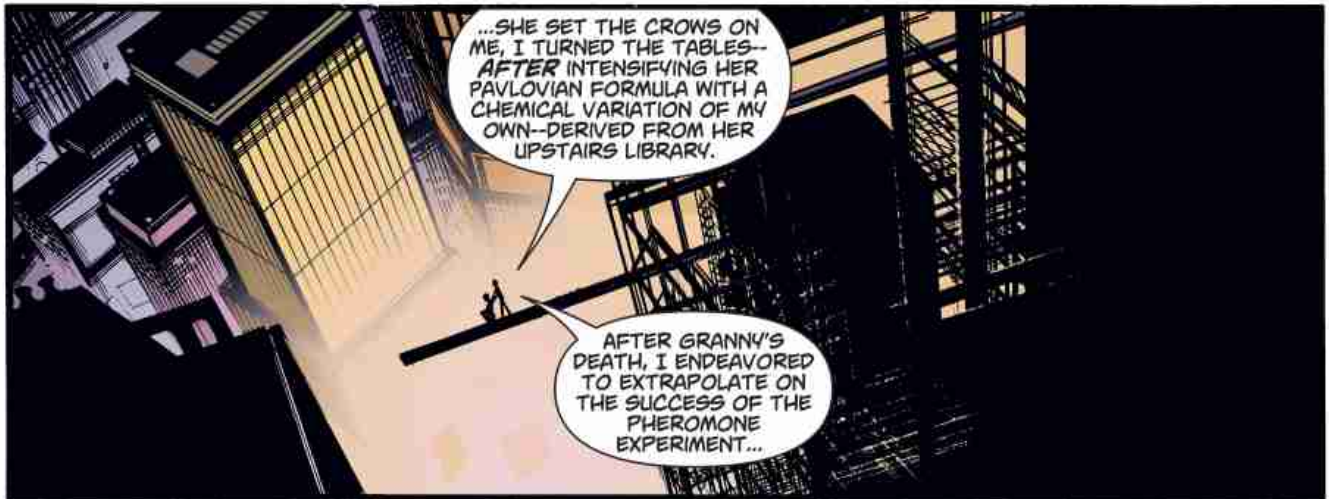








...WITH GREAT-GRANDMOTHER KEENEY IT WAS PURE POETIC JUSTICE...



...SHE SET THE CROWS ON ME, I TURNED THE TABLES-- AFTER INTENSIFYING HER PAVLOVIAN FORMULA WITH A CHEMICAL VARIATION OF MY OWN--DERIVED FROM HER UPSTAIRS LIBRARY.

AFTER GRANNY'S DEATH, I ENDEAVORED TO EXTRAPOLATE ON THE SUCCESS OF THE PHEROMONE EXPERIMENT...



HEY, SCARECROW!



GOTTA PAY THE TOLL, LIKE ALWAYS!

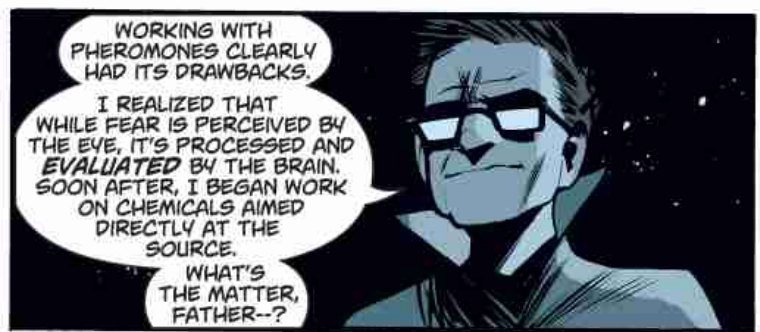
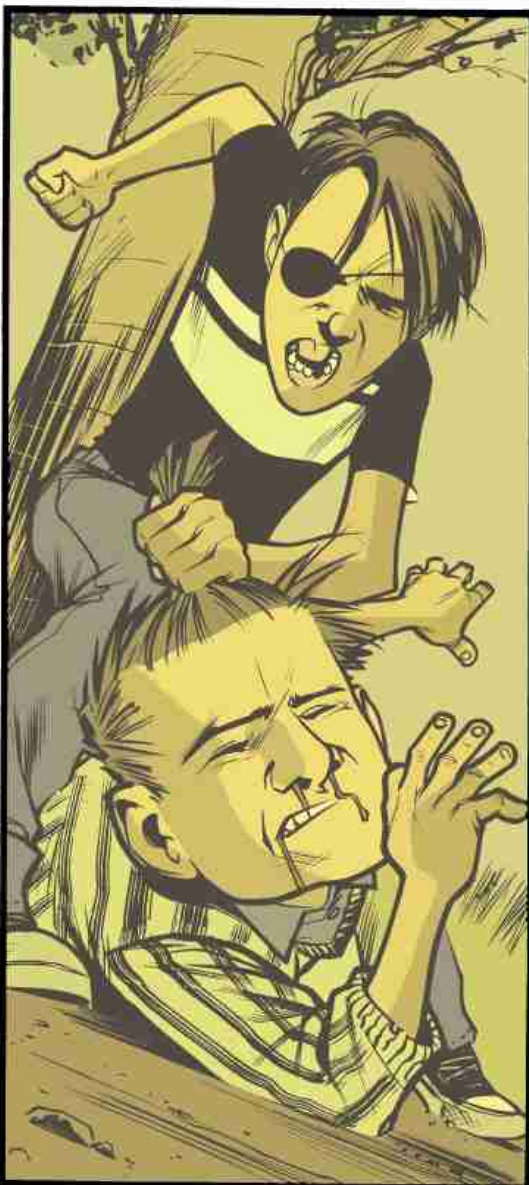
HAND OVER THE LUNCH MONEY.



LOOKA THIS! WRAPPED IN PLASTIC! S'MATTER, SCARECROW? 'FRID A' SPREADIN' YER COOTIES?



YA BETTER RUN, YA SKINNY... LITTLE...





...CAPTAIN GORDON'S REPORTS ON OLIVIA DOVE COMING IN NOW.

THIS MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL. I SAW HER ATTACKED--

--WE ALL DID, INCLUDING DOZENS OF GUESTS. SHE WAS RIPPED TO SHREDS.



YEAH, WELL SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S LYING THERE WAITING FOR PRINCE CHARMING NOW.

MUST BE SOME KIND OF MISTAKE...

MAYBE THEY GOT THEIR D.O.A.'S MIXED UP? SOMEBODY THAT JUST LOOKS LIKE HER?



NO, IT'S HER. AND FIVE WILL GET YOU TEN THE M.E. FINDS OLIVIA'S OWN FACIAL SKIN UNDER HER NAILS...



SHE DIED FROM SELF-INFLICTED WOUNDS--RIPPED HERSELF APART WARDING OFF IMAGINARY BIRDS.

YOU SAYING THERE WERE NO GULLS LAST NIGHT? THEY WERE AN ILLUSION?

YOU SAW THE LYSERGIC ACID IN HER BLOOD. SHE WAS HALLUCINATING. SOMETHING HE SLIPPED IN HER DRINK, PROBABLY.



AND ALL THOSE GUESTS ON THE YACHT? HE PUT L.S.D. IN EACH OF THEIR DRINKS, TOO? ISN'T THAT STRETCHING IT?

NOT THEIR DRINKS--TOO RANDOM AND CHANCY--SOMETHING ELSE...

SOMETHING EVERYONE WHO CAME ABOARD HER YACHT LAST NIGHT WAS EXPOSED TO, INCLUDING YOU AND ME. SOMETHING IN THE AIR...A MIST OF SOME KIND...



--THE FOG MACHINES!

THOSE THINGS WERE ALL OVER THE BOAT!

HE SPIKED THE MIST-MAKERS WITH L.S.D.!



...BUT THEN
HOW COME
WE ONLY
SAW THE
GULLS?

NO ONE HAL-
LUCINATED BEING
ATTACKED BUT
MARION?

NO ONE ELSE
WAS WEARING HER
PERFUME.

WE'RE SO CLOSE. IT
ALMOST FITS TOGETHER. BUT
THERE'S A PIECE MISSING--
SOMETHING WE'RE OVERLOOKING...



DAMN!

WHY
CAN'T WE
NAIL THIS
CREEP?



...MAYBE
IT'S ME.

DON'T
EVEN GO
THERE
AGAIN.

WHY NOT? YOU
KNOW THE DRILL--
WANT TO CATCH A
CRIMINAL, LEARN TO
THINK LIKE HE
DOES.

MAYBE I'M
AFRAID TO
THINK LIKE HE
DOES...



'CAUSE YOU'RE
TOO MUCH LIKE
HIM?

IS THAT
WHAT YOU
BELIEVE?



NO, BIG GUY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU
BELIEVE!

I BELIEVE YOU LOVED
YOUR PARENTS, LOST
THEM, AND FEEL A
DEEP, VISCERAL GUILT
ABOUT IT.

OUR GUY
PROBABLY KILLED
HIS PARENTS, LOST
HIS MIND, AND FEELS
NO GUILT
WHATSOEVER!

YOU'RE
NOT LIKE HIM,
BRUCE!

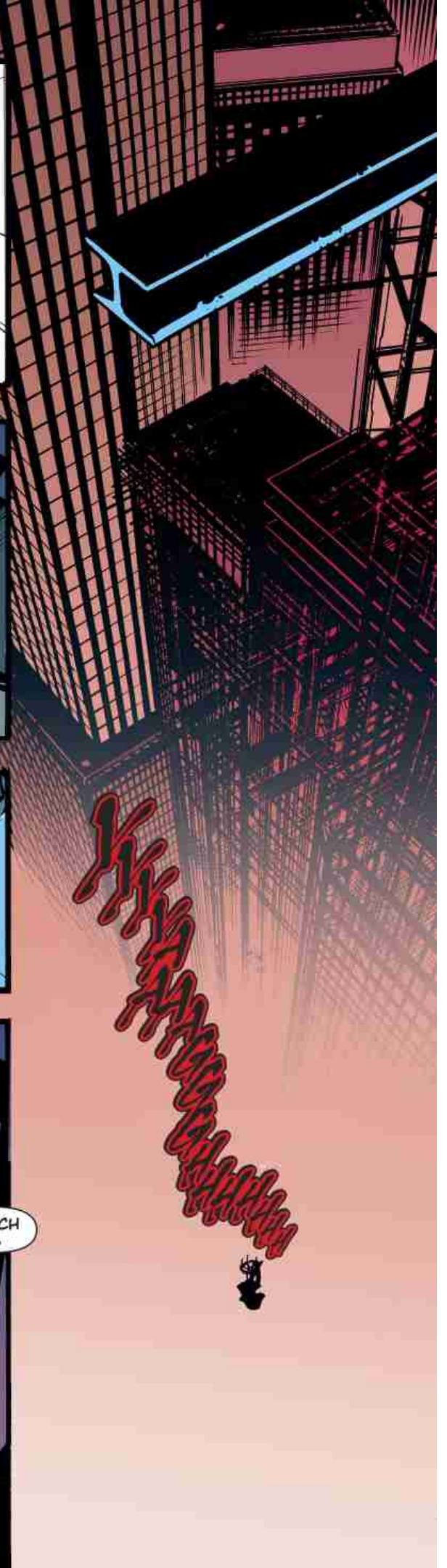
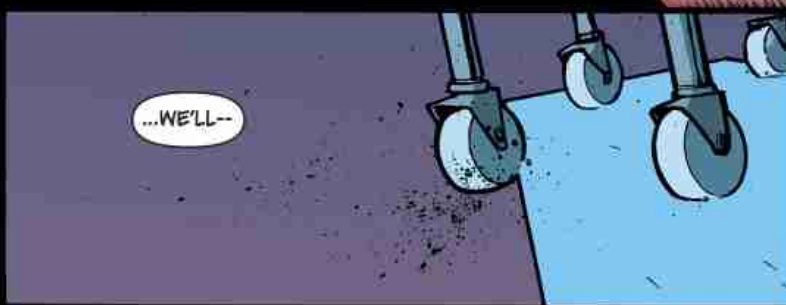






...DOES
THAT STILL
PERSIST?

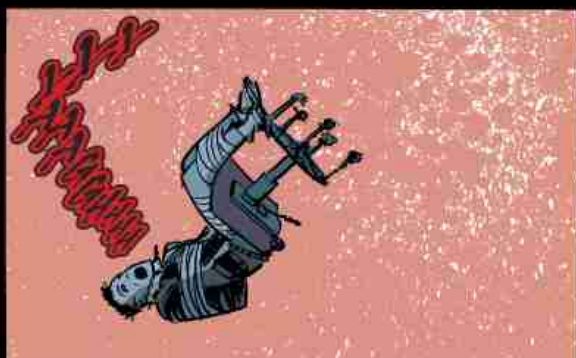






...TEE-DEE... TEE DUM...

KA-KLAK.



...MUSTA BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY...



...MUSTA BEEN A BE-UTIFUL CHILD!...



...SEE THE JUDGE'S EYES, AS HE--?



WELL, FATHER! YOU DO GET AROUND TONIGHT!

...APPEARS I DIDN'T MAKE THAT MICKEY FINN OF QUITE SUFFICIENT STRENGTH!

KER-AASSHHH



WELL!
FINALLY!

THE BIG
GUNS!



KERUNCHHH

DUCK.

BEGINNING
TO LOSE FAITH
IN YOUR
REPUTATION,
OLD MAN!



STOP
IT!

YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT, MR.
CRANE!



IT'S
ALL IN YOUR
HEAD!



KEEESHHHH

Doof.



MY
CONGRATULATIONS.

IN HONOR OF
YOUR TENACIOUS--
IF SOMEWHAT
TARDY--SLEUTHING,
MAY I OFFER A
SMALL TOKEN OF
MY ESTEEM...



PROMISE
NOT TO
FOLLOW, AND
I'LL SPARE
YOU--

--EVEN
THROW IN
A SMALL
GIFT.

WHAT SAY?
**ONE FETISH-
DRESSING
NEUROTIC TO
ANOTHER?**



YOU ARE
INSANE.



I'LL TAKE
THAT AS A
"YES."

CATCH!

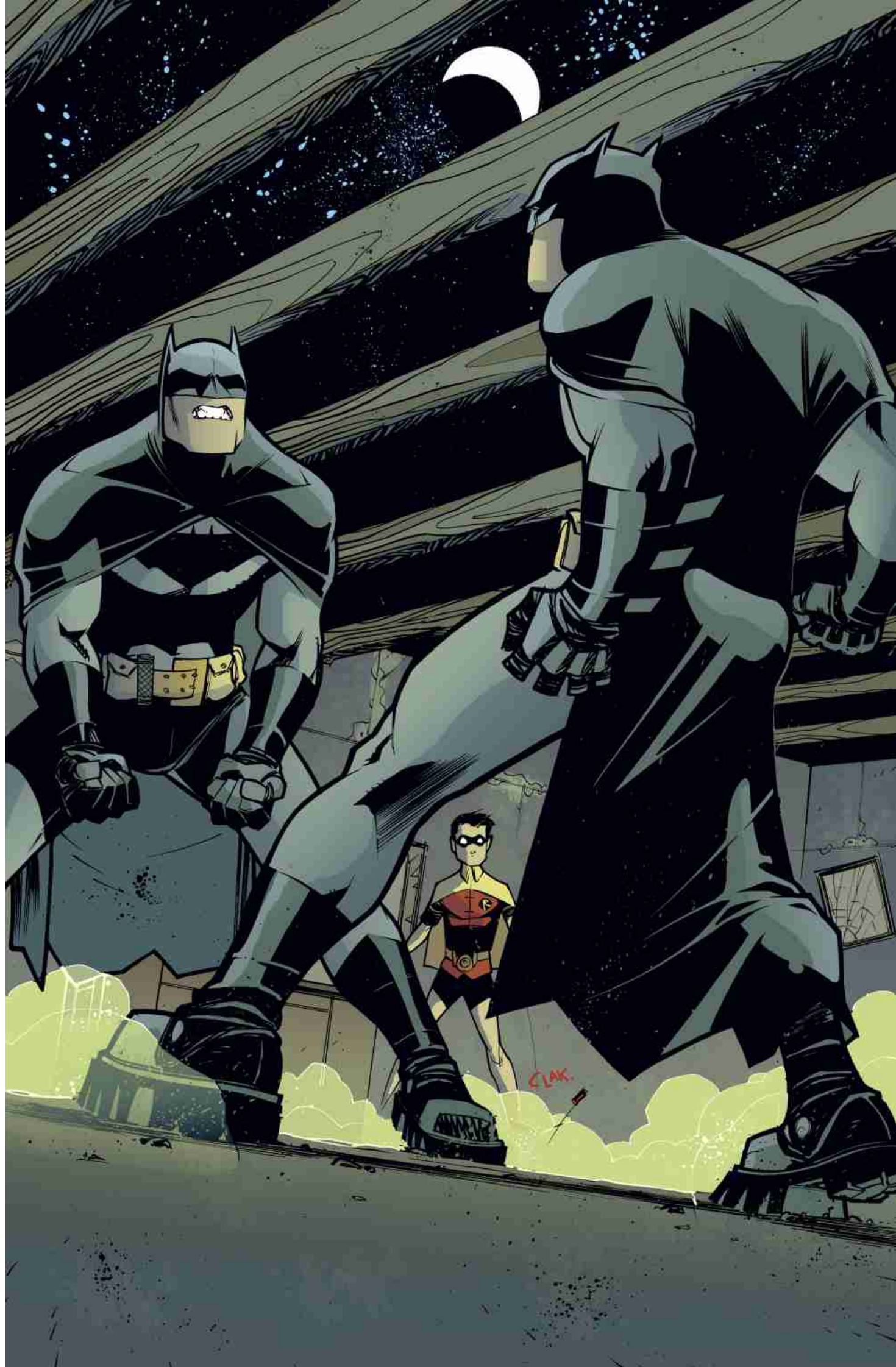


OH, MY...
HOW
UNGRATEFUL.

DECADES
OF RESEARCH
AND CHEMICAL
PERFECTION IN
THAT SMALL
CANISTER...

...KEYS THAT
COULD UNLOCK
EVEN **YOUR**
PERSONAL
DEMONS, NIGHT
FLYER.















-HOME...?

CHARLIE!
GOD IN HEAVEN,
WHAT ARE
YOU--?

THAT'S
IT!

THE LAST
FLOORBOARD
IN THE LAST
ROOM OF THIS
PIGSTY!

WHERE IS IT,
KAREN? THE GODDAMN
DEED TO GREAT-
GRANNY'S VICTORIAN
MANSION?

C-CHARLIE,
I TOLD
YOU--

CAREFUL,
BABY! DON'T
SAY YOU
AIN'T GOT IT
AGAIN...

...OR SO HELP ME, YER
BRAINS'LL REPLACE
THE SHEETROCK ON
THAT WALL!

YOU
WORTHLESS
BASTARD! WHAT
HAVE YOU EVER
DONE BUT
CAUSE US
PAIN?

HEY...

...FIXED
THE AIR
CONDITIONER!



WHERE'RE YOU OFF TO?
IT'S LATE.

LATER THAN YOU
APPARENTLY *THINK!*
FOR THE MOTHER OF
A CERTAIN DERANGED
ARLEN, GEORGIA
MANIAC, FOR
INSTANCE!



DICK--?

HEY!

I'M
TALKING
TO YOU!



REMEMBER
THAT GREAT
BASKETBALL
PLAYER
QUOTE?

"WHEN
YOU AREN'T
PRACTICING,
SOMEONE
SOMEWHERE
IS..."

"...AND
WHEN YOU
MEET HIM,
HE'LL BEAT
YOU."



YOU ARE
AFRAID.

EVERY
DAY.

PEOPLE WHO
AREN'T--AND DO
WHAT WE DO--
ARE LIKE HIM. YOU
WANT TO BE LIKE
HIM, DICK?



IF IT'LL HELP SAVE A
WOMAN IN TROUBLE, I'LL
TAKE MY CHANCES!

YOU HAD
YOUR CHANCE,
DICK. YOU WON'T
GET ANOTHER.

HE
DOESN'T
WANT
YOU ANY-
WAY.

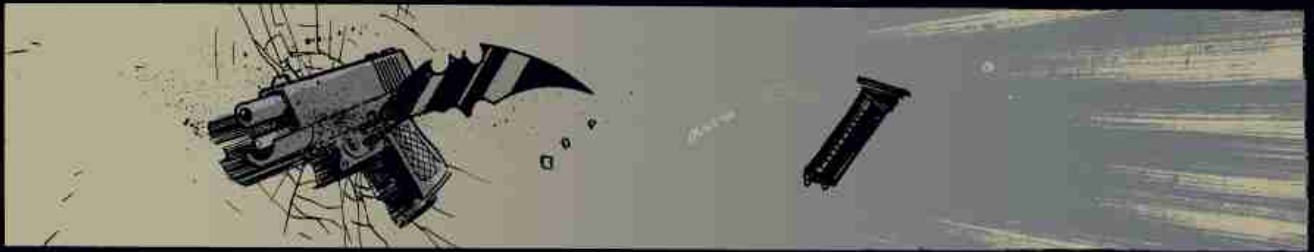


HE
WANTS
ME.

PINCH.







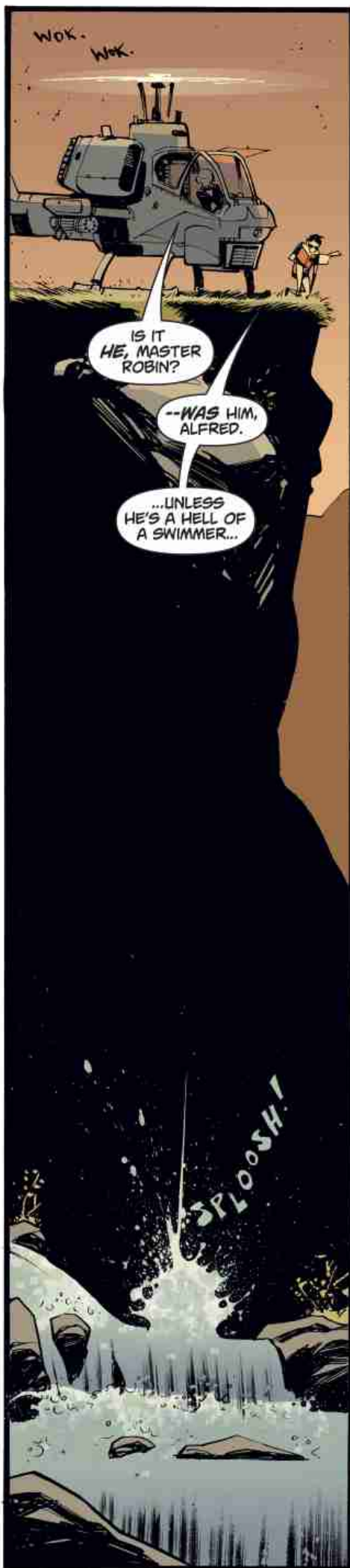




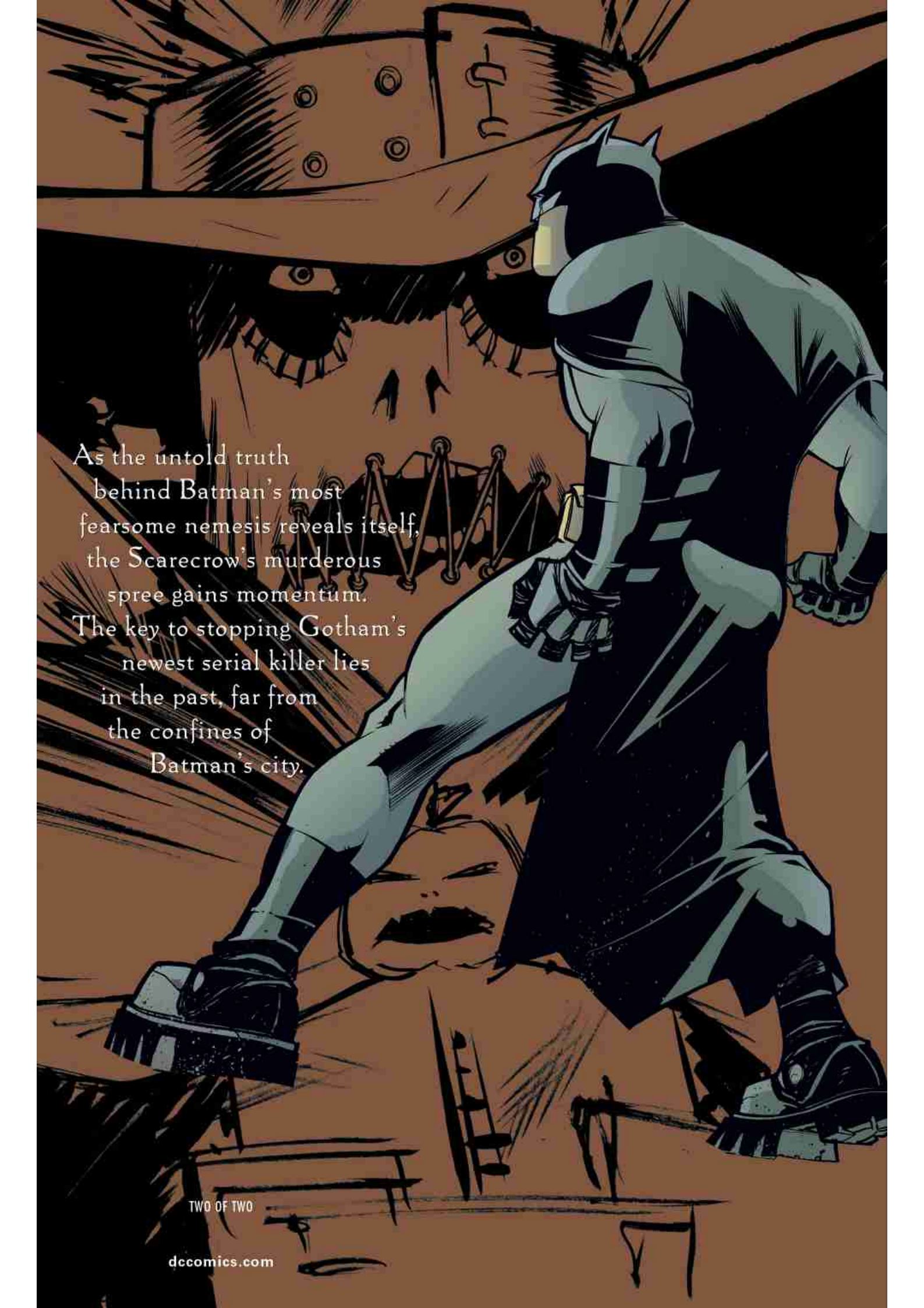
--JONATHAN!









A dramatic comic book illustration. Batman, in his iconic grey and black suit with a yellow bat emblem on the chest, is shown from the side, crouching in a dark, industrial setting. He is looking towards a large, circular opening in a wall. Through this opening, a man with a wide-eyed, screaming face is visible, surrounded by a crowd of people. The scene is lit with a strong orange and yellow glow, creating a sense of tension and danger.

As the untold truth
behind Batman's most
fearsome nemesis reveals itself,
the Scarecrow's murderous
spree gains momentum.

The key to stopping Gotham's
newest serial killer lies
in the past, far from
the confines of
Batman's city.